

The Enterprise.

VOL. 5.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1900.

NO. 26.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:37 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 P. M. Daily.
12:39 P. M. Daily.
6:37 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:02 P. M. Sundays only.
SOUTH.
7:33 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:02 A. M. Sundays only.
11:12 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:19 A. M. Sundays only.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME

Things That Have Happened All Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

The sale of Polish newspapers has been forbidden at all Prussian railway stations.

The distress among the people of India is spreading and 5,500,000 persons are now receiving relief.

M. Coquelin and Mme. Bernhardt intend making an American tour after the Paris Exposition with "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon," both appearing in both plays.

A cable from Monte Carlo says: At the annual meeting of the Monte Carlo Casino Company a dividend of 195 francs per share was declared. This is a decrease of 55 francs per share from the last dividend.

After extended conference the House Committee on Invalid Pensions, of which Representative Sulloway of New Hampshire is chairman, finally decided to report to the House Senate bill 1477, which is known as "the Grand Army bill."

The German Government, after looking into various Reichstag propositions for raising taxes to meet the expenses of the naval augmentation bill, now says that the only taxes available for this purpose are those on lotteries and Bourse transactions.

The Ways and Means Committee, at a special meeting, heard requests of the customs examiners who work under the appraisers for an increase in the limit of pay from \$2500 to \$4000, which increase, if allowed, will permit a regrading of these officials.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs has reached an agreement to report the bill for the reorganization of the Army, with a number of amendments. The bill confers the rank of Lieutenant-General upon the senior Major-General, and that of Major-General upon the Adjutant-General of the Major-General.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeyman Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

Six small vessels are being fitted out by the Navy Department for service in surveying the waters of the Philippines. These vessels will be armed and are intended as well for blockade work. Spanish charts of the Philippines are woefully faulty and the Navy Department will endeavor to make a complete set of charts.

Andrew D. White, the United States Ambassador to Germany has successfully introduced during the season in the highest court and diplomatic circles American culinary delicacies such as clams, clam chowder, terrapin, and California wines and fruits, etc., which have now become quite the rage in certain exclusive circles.

Constantinople.—An imperial edict has been issued ordering the Porte to formulate proposals regarding the customs duties as suggested in the collective note of the Embassadors presented on April 7th.

The United States Legation joined the other embassies in protesting against the increase of import duties, the reply to the notification of the Porte asserting that the United States expects to be previously consulted with regard to any changes.

The Porte has not yet replied to the last collective note, but the changed tone of the Ottoman officials leads to a belief that a settlement has been reached in conformity with the demands of the foreign representatives. It is now fully expected that the Porte will invite the embassies to discuss the proposed changes. There is the greatest interest in political circles regarding the attitude of the United States in the indemnity claim, and it is believed that the powers having similar claims will support American action.

To Study Conditions at Nome.

Washington.—Dr. Cabel Whitehead, assayer of the Mint Bureau of the Treasury, has gone to Cape Nome. He will spend the summer there and in the mining regions of Alaska in studying mining matters. It is expected that he will make an elaborate report on his return on the present and prospective conditions and opportunities.

Steyn Urges the Boers to Fight On.

London.—The Bloemfontein correspondent of the Morning Post, telegraphing says: "President Steyn's address to the burghers was an impassioned speech. He implored them to continue their resistance until the results of the efforts of the Boer Peace Commissioners were known."

ARMY REORGANIZATION PLANS.

Arrangements Designed to Meet the Immediate Needs of the Service.

Washington.—Secretary Root has had a further hearing before Senate Committee on Military Affairs upon his proposition for the reorganization of the Army.

A sub-committee of the full committee reported a measure intended to meet the more urgent needs of the service which, it is expected, will be pressed during the present session. This provides that the present staff of officers shall continue to be promoted according to seniority, but that hereafter any vacancy except that of Chief of Corps shall be filled by detail from the line and there shall be no more permanent appointments in the staff. The details are to last four years and the officers are then returned to the line, and in the case of those below rank of Lieutenant-Colonel they must serve in the line for two years before further staff duty.

Chief of staff corps are to be selected from among the officers now in those staffs, so long as such material shall be available, as they may be retired with the usual allowances. Vacancies in the line caused by transfers to staff shall be filled by promotion in the line. The President is authorized to retire any officers under suspension from duty by sentence of court-martial when such sentence would carry the suspension to within one year of the time of compulsory retirement.

The regimental organization is discontinued for the artillery, which is to belong to the line and is to be divided into coast and field artillery under a Chief of Artillery selected from the Colonies of Artillery and with a force of thirteen Colonels, twelve Lieutenant-Colonels, thirty-six Majors, 160 Captains and a like number of First and Second Lieutenants, and not to exceed 17,448 privates. There are to be not exceeding eighteen field batteries. The artillery is to be increased to the figure named at the rate of 20 per cent each year until the aggregate is reached. Provision is made for the appointment of veterinarians and of regimental chaplains, and the last sections confer upon the senior Major-General the rank of Lieutenant-General and upon the Adjutant-General the rank of Major-General.

The total receipts of the Cuban Treasury for the month of March, 1900, were \$1,678,668, divided as follows:

Customs, \$1,472,990; postal receipts, \$13,729; internal revenue receipts, \$94,330; miscellaneous receipts, \$97,619. The receipts for the corresponding month of 1889 amounted to \$963,033.

Six small vessels are being fitted out

by the Navy Department for service in

surveying the waters of the Philippines.

These vessels will be armed and are intended as well for blockade work.

Spanish charts of the Philippines

are woefully faulty and the Navy

Department will endeavor to make a

complete set of charts.

Andrew D. White, the United States

Ambassador to Germany has suc-

cessfully introduced during the season in

the highest court and diplomatic circles

American culinary delicacies such as

clams, clam chowder, terrapin, and

California wines and fruits, etc.,

which have now become quite the rage

in certain exclusive circles.

Senator Gallinger, chairman of the

Senate Committee on Pensions, has

introduced a bill in the Senate granting

a pension of \$50 a month to General

Longstreet. The bill gives the Gen-

eral's service as that of Major in the

Eighth United States Infantry and makes no refer-

ence to his connection with the Confed-

eracy.

Senator Hale has introduced a bill to

provide for the acquisition by the

United States of the lands and rights

herein necessary for the establishment of

a naval station at Pearl Harbor, Island

of Oahu, and for dredging the ap-

proaches to the harbor. The tracts to

be acquired under the bill contain in

the aggregate about 1880 acres and are

as follows: Mokumeume or Ford is-

land, comprising 350 acres; peninsular

tract known as Waipio, about 820 acres;

a tract of 383 acres lying to the eastward

and fronting upon the entrance of the

harbor, and a tract of 305 acres to the

westward and fronting the harbor en-

trance.

According to returns representing

between 80 and 90 per cent of the total

tonnage, the production of coal in the

United States in 1899 is estimated by

Edward W. Parker, statistician of the

United States Geological Survey, to

have amounted to 230,838,973 long tons,

equivalent to 258,539,650 short tons.

As compared with the production

in 1898, when the product

amounted to 196,405,953 long tons, or

219,974,667 short tons, this indicates

an increase of over 34,000,000 long

tons, or 219,974,667 short tons, or

17.5 per cent. These figures exceed

by 15,000,000 short tons the outside

estimates heretofore made on the coal

tonnage for 1899. The production of

220,000,000 short tons in 1898 was

nearly 20,000,000 in excess of that in

1897, and both of these years were

banner years in the industry.

In nearly all cases, fowls which

feather and mature early are good

setters and mothers and are usually at-

tractive in appearance.

THE CUBAN CENSUS.

SPANISH ELEMENT IN THE ISLAND IN THE MINORITY.

NATIVES TO CONTROL CIVIL AFFAIRS

Population Placed at a Million and a Half—Percentage of Illiteracy Is Less Than Expected.

Washington.—The following cablegram has been received at the War Department from General Wood at Havana:

The compilation of the Cuban census returns was made in Washington under the personal direction of General Sanger, who also is in charge of the Porto Rican census. The figures were dispatched to Havana by mail a few days ago. General Sanger has made the figures public here. The results are very instructive, and, in the opinion of the War Department officials, fully justify the decision of the Administration to allow municipal suffrage in Cuba at this early date. The officials are gratified to find that the native Cubans constitute so large a portion of the population; that the whites so greatly outnumber the blacks and that so large a proportion of the native population can read and write. In their opinion there seems to be no room for the objection that the proposed basis of suffrage would result in turning the island over to the control of Spain.

The total population of Cuba is 1,572,797, including 815,205 males and 757,592 females. There are 447,372 white males and 462,926 white females of native birth. The foreign whites number 115,760 males and 26,458 females. There are 111,898 male negroes and 122,740 female negroes. The mixed races number 125,500 males and 145,305 females. There are 14,694 male and 163 female Chinese. The population of Havana city is 235,981 and of the Province of Havana 424,804. The population of the Province of Matanzas is 202,444, of Pinar del Rio 173,064, of Puerto Principe 88,234, of Santa Clara 356,534 and of Santiago 327,715.

Of the total population of the island 1,108,709 persons are set down as single, 246,351 as married, while 131,787 live together by mutual consent. There are 85,112 widowed persons.

Of the total population, according to citizenship, 20,478 are Spanish, 1,296,367 are Cubans, 175,811 are in suspense, 79,526 are of other citizenship and 616 are unknown. The Spanish by birth number 129,240. Of the children 10 years of age and over 49,414 have attended school. Of the total population 443,426 can read and write and 19,158 have a superior education.

The table on citizenship, illiteracy and education is regarded as specially important as forming the basis of suffrage about to be conferred. Because so many citizenships are still in suspense and for other reasons the returns are not quite complete, but the conclusion is drawn that there will be at least 140,000 native Cuban voters under the proposed basis of suffrage, and as against this there will be 55,767 Spaniards whose citizenship was

in suspense when the census was taken, less the number who have since declared to preserve their Spanish citizenship and plus illiterate Spaniards, not declared, who are the owners of property. It is not believed that there will be any great number of the latter classes, as the total number of illiterate Spanish males over 21 years is only 17,426. The comparison shows a much greater preponderance of Cuban voters than was expected. There are 187,826 white adult males who were born in Cuba, as against 96,083 born in Spain; 6794 born in other countries and 127,300 colored.

The proportion of children under

THE ENTERPRISE

E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

Europe's coal famine is a feast for American mine owners.

It is wrong to judge by appearances when the gun doesn't seem to be loaded.

There are 6,150,000 volumes in the libraries of American colleges—and the freshman generally knows it all.

The report of the death of Osman Pasha, like that of Mark Twain, seems to have been greatly exaggerated.

The evil that men do lives after them, but the ones who preach the funeral sermons are careful not to mention it.

Discussing the advisability of short engagements recalls that the summer girl brought them into vogue seasons ago.

Nineteen hundred is a year that can be divided by 4, but nevertheless mocks the fond longings of many an eager spinster.

The Dowager Empress persists in being reactionary for all she must know that so long as China wears the queen it will hang behind.

Pews of non-paying holders in a Racine church were nailed up. It would be much better if the trustees here at the proper time nailed the pew-holders down.

A young lover in New Orleans paid \$120 to hear his sweetheart sing to him from Philadelphia over a telephone wire. At all events, he made his money go a long way.

There is a fiction that above the landing place at St. Helena is written the words of Dante's vision, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." It is not quite so bad as that, but it is bad enough.

A popular preacher has had his church wired so as to offer a sermon telephone service to all who wish to listen while enjoying the comfort and privacy of their homes. What would Cotton Mather say to that if he could come to life?

Miss Grace M. Dodge finds three faults in the business woman—she undercuts men in wages, she is not sufficiently thorough, and she eats cream puffs instead of beefsteak for luncheon. Any butcher will tell you that the last weakness is the worst.

At a legislative hearing on behalf of the insane poor, a physician recalled the fact that as late as 1839 the city of Boston kept its pauper lunatics in wooden cages, which rested on wheels and were rolled out of the almshouse on pleasant days, to give the wretches a little air and sunshine. When a new building was provided the patients were trundled into it in their cages. But Dr. Butler, the wise and humane superintendent, promptly set them free from conditions which might make a sane man crazy.

That there is much room for civil service reform in Turkey is newly emphasized by a recent experience there. An American traveler, wishing to mail a magazine, was told by a head postmaster that while a good Mussulman might mail it as a periodical for eight cents, a heretic would be charged book-post, 75 cents. Just outside the door a clerk whispered, "Do not mind him! He is an ass! Give me your paper, and I will send it off when he is not looking." While this was service, it could hardly be called civil, and surely there is need of reform.

Porto Rico's exportation of coffee is larger in volume than that of any of the other native products of the island, and according to Gen. Roy Stone much of the coffee is sold as genuine Mocha and Java. The average Porto Rican agriculturist, whatever his deprivations otherwise, is usually the possessor of a coffee-patch, which he cultivates and from which he secures a sufficiency of the berry to supply the needs of his family. He bakes the berries till black, and pounds them into powder in a mortar. The beverage resulting therefrom has the color of ink and the consistency of broth. Since the close of the war some of the natives have learned to prepare coffee for drinking purposes after the American fashion; but most of them practice the ways of their fathers.

Considering the number of times it has been "written up," it is singular that the peculiar swindle known as the "Spanish priest game" is still worked—or attempted—in this country. The priest, who is supposed to live in Madrid, writes some thrifty American citizen, telling of buried treasure or of a legacy left by a Spanish grandee to him, the American citizen. If the latter nibbles at the bait the next thing is a request for money for legal or other expenses. If the remittance be made the Madrid ecclesiastic is heard from no more. Of course there is no Spanish priest mixed up in the matter at all. The whole thing is the work of American swindlers who have a branch establishment in the Spanish capital, and the fact that they continue to attempt a swindle which has been exposed dozens of times is no tribute to their originality. That some people haven't heard of it, however, is evident from the fact that a seasoned Washington correspondent treats one

of the "priest's" letters quite seriously and a Western man of prominence is reported to be on the point of claiming a "legacy" left him by a hitherto unheard-of Spanish relative. The fools are still a numerous branch of the human family.

The present open door policy for marriage in America cannot exist much longer, writes Edward Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. The question must be met, and it should be met squarely; it is futile at the moment. It is grappling with the question at the wrong end. Whether divorce is right or wrong; whether there should be divorce at all, and on what grounds a decree of divorce should be granted—these are not the pressing questions of the hour. The whole matter of divorce does not begin to stand in such urgent need of discussion as does the question of the laws of marriage. When we adjust marriage as we should adjust it, then we can give our attention to divorce. And then we shall find that in adjusting the one we shall have come pretty close to the wisest and best adjustment of the other. The practical solution of both, in short, lies in the proper adjustment and rigid enforcement of laws which shall make marriage more difficult of accomplishment.

Bishop Fallows' parody, wherein he made man express a longing to be a "kicker" rather than an angel, contains a deeper note than appears to the superficial observer, says the Chicago Tribune. It is the cry of the age—the masculine cry—and one for which there is the hope of an earthly consummation. Man already stands with the "kickers," and it is natural that he should desire to be among them in the world to come. Moreover, the bishop's parody is a protest against the inanity of angels. It is not, as the author declares, that humankind feel that the wish to be an angel is a too modest expression of their souls' longing, but simply that the insipidity of angels, their cloying perfection and negative goodness, excite revolt rather than admiration. It is so in fiction, and the saintly Agnes in Dickens' "David Copperfield" richly merits the antipathy of a great critic like Santius, who, when he chanced upon the assertion that "Agnes is perhaps the most charming character in the whole range of fiction," declared that no decent violence of expletive, no reasonable artifice of typography, could express the depths of his feeling. Modern readers do yawn over Agnes and over Amelia Sedley, and it was not the latter lady who received the tribute of a recent dramatization but her faulty friend, Becky Sharp. So it is well for man to recognize that his place is among—the protestors—and that nose-gears rather than crowns must become him.

Reports from correspondents lead the Minneapolis Journal to predict that 1900 will be the great year in the Northwest for immigration. Reports from the registers of the land office and from the land agents of the various railways traversing the section tell a story of unprecedented demand for land and a rapidly swelling tide of immigration. Thus homestead claims filed at the principal land offices in Minnesota and the Dakotas numbered 3,122 for the three months ending Feb. 28, 1900, as against 1,315 during the same period of the preceding year—an increase of 128 per cent. The winter months are the dullest of the year. The Great Northern Railway estimates that immigration will be 50 per cent larger than in 1899, when it was 60 per cent larger than the preceding year. From less than 200,000 persons in 1890 the four States of Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Montana increased to about 2,000,000 inhabitants in 1899, one of the most remarkable instances of rapid development on record. The figures in 1900 are difficult to estimate, but are not likely to be disappointing. This increase has been directly due to immigration, train after train load of people hastening to take up the lands the news of whose wonderful productivity had gone forth. The immigration of Easterners ceased in great measure about 1890, although the influx from northern Europe has continued unabated. Now the foreign immigration is greater than ever. A larger proportion than ever is going to the Northwest. Meanwhile the immigration from the East and middle West has revived. The Minneapolis Journal estimates that the number of immigrants of the present year will be in excess of 200,000. There is plenty of room in the Northwest, and the East and middle West are willing to contribute to its growth.

The Adjective.
A writer in Longman's Magazine says that everybody nowadays in prose or poetry claps on an adjective to every noun. It degrades the adjective and enervates the noun.

Then, too, there are a host of vulgar, overdressed people introduced into our company, whom we, the old-fashioned adjectives, hardly recognize—"strenuous," "intense," "weird," "fieri," "sympathetic," "splendid," "secure," "unive," "impressive," "poignant," mostly attached, too, to the wrong nouns.

There are too many adjectives, and they carry too much salt, like Delilah, bedecked, ornate and gay.

I noticed, as an instance the other way, a criticism in a French review of the academician sea-captain, who calls himself Pierre Loti, whose style is so defected that he seldom or never uses an adjective more startling than "good," "bad," "green," "red," "dark," "light," and so on; and yet so orders his sentence that the adjective shines out like a rose on a brier-bush.

CHAT OF THE CHURCH

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

News Notes from All Lands Regarding Their Religious Thought and Movement—What the Great Denominations Are Doing.

Old Trinity Church, New York City, has attained to distinction in two widely divergent matters—in the honor of its territory; in the wealth of its corporation. What is written below concerns its corporate wealth. As a matter of history, the original church was opened for worship in 1697. This early church was maintained by the income from the "church farm," a royal grant from Queen Anne. Out of this income the Rev. William Vesey, first rector of Trinity Church, received a yearly salary of \$5,100. To-day that same "church farm" is valued at from \$9,000,000 to \$10,000,000, and its possession makes Trinity the wealthiest single church corporation in the United States. Out of its annual income of over \$500,000 the Rev. Morgan Dix receives a salary of \$25,000. This salary is more than double that of Bishop Potter of the diocese of New York, who receives but \$12,000. This large income is exhausted by many claims; the expenses of the church proper, the support of the chapels, the large yearly grants to twenty-four parishes, the payment of taxes and assessments, and the maintenance of the parochial schools and other parish charities. The rental from the "church farm" properly constitutes the main source of Trinity's income. The property is scattered widely throughout the city. Much of it, however, lies in the near vicinity of the church. It is rented for various purposes—for public buildings, stores and tenements. The year book of Trinity parish states that the parish "is systematically canvassed, and all cases where the ministrations of the church are needed are reported immediately to the rector."

Among the considerable drains on the Trinity income are the expenses of the church proper and the support of the chapels. Twenty-five thousand dollars goes, as above stated, for the salary of the Rev. Mr. Dix. Assisting Mr. Dix in the work of the church and its chapels are eight vicars and sixteen curates, and they receive each one from \$5,000 to \$10,000. The sextons of the church and the several chapels receive \$15,000, and each one is furnished with a deputy and an assistant.

The music of the church costs much. The many choir boys receive, each one, from \$24 to \$100 yearly. The soloists, of whom there are eighteen, receive from \$200 to \$400. For the church itself there is a yearly musical appropriation of \$10,000; for each one of the seven chapels, \$7,500; making a total of over \$60,000. That the maintenance of excellent music in churches is right and admirable is conceded. The church has ever held music to be a softening influence on the hearts of the sinful; solace to all the penitent. A good work is carried on by Trinity in the matter of its schools. For the maintenance of parochial schools, the vestry yearly appropriates the sum of \$22,000; for the maintenance of night and industrial schools, \$5,000.

Trinity hospital for the sick poor is maintained by the corporation at a yearly expense of \$9,000. The corporation also makes provision of \$3,000 for the support of seven beds in other hospitals. From the corporation income a yearly contribution of alms to the poor of \$6,000 is made. The whole yearly cost of the maintenance of charities within the parish, which are supported out of the corporation income, averages \$50,000; for charities without the parish, \$30,000—a total of \$80,000.—New York Verdict.

Near the Dawn.
When life's troubles gather darkly Round the way we follow here, When no hope the sad heart lightens, No voice speaks a word of cheer; Then the thought the shadow scatters, Giving us a cheering ray—

When the night appears the darkest, Morning is not far away.

When adversity surrounds us, And our sunshine friends pass by, And the dreams so fondly cherished With our scattered treasures lie; Then amid such gloomy seasons This sweet thought can yet be drawn—

When the darkest hour is present, It is always near the dawn.

When the spirit fluttering lingers On the confines of this life, Parting from all joyful memories, And from every scene of strife, Though the scene is sad and gloomy, And the body shrinks in fear, These dark hours will soon be vanished, And the glorious morn be here.

Pain cannot affect us always, Brighter days will soon be here; Borrow may oppress us often, Yet a happier time is near; All along our earthly journey This reflection lights the day, Nature's darkest hour is always Just before the break of day.

What God Did for Him.
"Mike" Reilly has told the story of his conversion to hundreds of our railroad men, and while his education is very limited, there are many things he knows which are not to be sacrificed for all the knowledge in the world.

Converted when past 50 years of age, not knowing how to read or write and so low that the police of New York thought him too far gone with drink to be ever reformed, selling the very shoes from off his feet on a cold day for rum, sleeping in hallways, old wagons and anywhere he could get shelter, taking some old bread from an ash barrel, just the day before being born again, to keep from starving, having lost mon-

ey, friends, family, character, reputation and all, he was reached and won by the simple story of God's love and power to save to the uttermost all that will come to Him.

We trust the seed sown will bring forth fruit, and that every man who heard him and who himself is bound down by some sin, will seek the same Savior.

Mr. Long's Hymn.

The administration at Washington has two poets in its cabinet. Both John Hay, Secretary of State, and John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, write verse. Both these men have especial talent for hymn writing. The hymn written by John Hay for the National Christian Endeavor at its Washington meeting a year or so ago will live when "Little Breeches" and other literary work of his is forgotten. Mr. Long's recent hymn promises to become a classic:

I would, dear Jesus, I could break
The hedge that creeds and hearsay make;
And, like thy first disciples, be
In person led and taught by thee.

I read thy words so strong, so sweet;
I seek the footprints of thy feet;
But men so mystify the trace,
I long to see thee face to face.

Wouldst thou not let me at thy side,
In thee, in thee so sure confide?
Like John, upon thy breast recline,
And feel thy heart make mine divine?

Hadn't Time to Think of His Soul.

An American Mother, writing in the Ladies' Home Journal on "Have Women Robbed Men of Their Religion?" uses this anecdote in illustration of how men of to-day are neglectful of the welfare of their own souls: "After a revival in a village near Philadelphia a dozen young converts met regularly to compare their spiritual condition. Sam B., a sickly lad, was conspicuously the most zealous among them. He could not make sure of his salvation. He prayed and agonized, and complained his sins incessantly. A sudden death threw a sawmill, a widowed sister and her five penniless children on Sam's hands. He came no more to the conference.

"Sam," said one of his friends one day, "how is it with you now? Are your calling and election sure?"

"I hope so, I'm sure," said Sam. "But I've got my work to do now. I haven't any time to think of my soul."

Why He Was Set Free.

A German prince, travelling through France, visited the galleys at Toulon. The commandant, as a compliment to his rank, offered to set at liberty any slave whom he selected. The prince went round the prison and conversed with the prisoners. He asked each the cause of his being there, and met only with tales of injustice and false accusation. At last he came to one man who admitted his imprisonment to be just. "My lord," said he, "I have no reason to complain. I have been a wicked wretch, and deserve all my sufferings, and more." The prince at once selected him, and he was set free. If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.

This Story Has a Good Moral.

Here is the latest story of the man who is too stingy to take his home paper: A man who was too economical to take this paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees, and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and failing to notice a barbed-wire fence ran into that, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a \$4 pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the corn field and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran, upset a four-gallon churn full of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In the hurry she dropped a \$7 set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled milk into the parlor, ruining a brand-new \$20 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man; the dog broke up eleven setting hens and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts.

Kansas City Journal.

Choir Is Now Made Fireproof.

No elaborate statistics are necessary to prove that many fires might be prevented if carpets, curtains, draperies and clothing were noncombustible. This is precisely what a firm of German manufacturers proposes to bring about. After several years of experimenting they announce the discovery of a chemical treatment that will render any fabric of cotton, linen, wool or fiber fireproof. The process is cheap and adds but little to the weight of the article treated. It may readily be seen that this discovery will be valuable for securing the better safety of hotels by treating carpets, curtains and inside wood work; of advantage for coverings of explosives and in a multitude of other ways. It is not improbable a way may be found to make it waterproof. In any event it must be regarded as an important achievement and as opening a prospect for the greater security of property.

A Very Trifling Incident.

A clergyman was called upon to perform a marriage ceremony for a couple in middle life.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the bridegroom.

"No, sir."

"Have you?"—to the bride.

"Well, yes, I have," replied the bride laconically; "but it was twenty years ago, and he was killed in an accident when we'd been married only a week, so it really ain't worth mentioning."—San Francisco Wave.

FARMS AND FARMERS



west. The margin of profits in the poultry-packing business has been good for those who operate on a comparatively small scale, and it is no wonder that these two big packing firms should undertake to monopolize a field for which they have exceptional facilities in matters of transportation, storing and market-reaching.

Care for Working Horses.

While the horse is kept during winter mostly in the stable, whole oats are probably better feed for him than meal, says The American Cultivator. The hulls of the oats, as farmers say, "tickle his insides" and increase the activity of his digestion. Some oats may pass through undigested, but unless the horse is old and has lost his teeth this loss may be overlooked. Anyway the fowls will get them. After 8 years of age horses should be fed cut hay moistened and with meal on it. But any horse that is hard at work every day should have his grain in meal and on cut hay. The meal is chewed with the cut hay just as oats would be. It is well mixed with saliva when it enters the horse's small stomach and passes into the intestines. So it does the greatest good possible for the nutrition it contains. All old farmers say that horses will stand hard work better on cut feed than on either whole grain or meal.

Early Plants for the Garden.

Those who have an incubator brooder may have a green house on a small but effective scale. Dig a hole in the ground large enough to admit the brooder in some sunny sheltered spot, bank it on north side eighteen inches high and have a tight wood or canvas cover for use at night and stormy weather. The brooder is placed in this pit and the opening to the sun is closed. Three inches of good garden soil is placed in this soil and the proper temperature maintained by means of the boiler heated by lamp. A thermometer will be used to test the heat. One can raise their early garden plants in this way with but little expense and less labor than the old-fashioned method of planting seeds in boxes placed in the kitchen.

Shire Mare.
The Shire mare Hendre Crown Princess was sold by Lord Wantage, a few weeks ago, at public auction in England for \$5,500, a phenomenal price for a draft mare. She was got by Prince Harold, one of the most promising breeding horses in England, and her



MY SECRET.

When first assurance came to me
That thy dear heart was mine,
I wandered forth upon the sea
Alone, lest all the world should see,
My secret so divine.

But ah, the world has passed me by,
Nor read the secret, dear;
The poor old world, so dim of eye,
So dull of ear, 'twere vain to try
To make my feelings clear,
To those who cannot know as I
My heart when love draws near.

—New York Home Journal.

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

THE Gray Eagle went on her course, parting the waves of the Indian Ocean. She was a packet steamer in the employ of a great English company, and carried many passengers. Among these, standing on the promenade deck forward and looking across the broad expanse of water before her, was a beautiful girl, in the flush of her youth and beauty.

In the wheelhouse stood a young man, second mate of the ship, looking at Mabel Vane. He was young, with a bold, manly face, curling brown hair and beard and speaking gray eyes—a man, in grace of person, manly beauty and pure heart—a man worthy of the name. He was only a sailor, and had risen to his present rank from cabin boy, but yet he dared to love the daughter of the East Indian millionaire, Arthur Vane.

He loved her and had no hope—loved her as we worship a star which is far beyond our reach. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to insult her by telling her that he loved her; but to be near her, to see her often, per-



"GO BACK, YOU FOOLS!"

haps to do some service which would win a smile from her—that was reward enough for Will Clay.

She never dreamed of his adoration; and he had heard her say among her friends that she liked him better than any other officer on board the Gray Eagle. She said it in the careless way of girlhood, and yet he treasured it in his heart. Standing there, watching the course of the ship and ready to give a word of warning to the wheelman if it were needed, he never took his eyes from her long.

"Mr. Clay," said the man at the wheel as he gave it a half turn and rested there, "don't you smell smoke?"

"It comes from the galley."

"Perhaps so, but what are they burning in the galley for?"

"Rosin," cried Will, raising his head quickly and sniffing the air. He caught the peculiar smell himself and leaped down from the wheelhouse. "Keep steady," he whispered to the man at the wheel. "There may be danger, but if there is, for God's sake, keep it quiet."

The man nodded quietly and took a firm hold on the wheel. Will Clay crossed the deck without apparent haste, and yet with a fearful fear tugging at his heart. He caught sight of the captain coming out of the gentlemen's cabin and hurried up to him.

"There is something wrong," he whispered. "Don't you smell burning rosin, captain?"

The old sea captain suppressed a cry of horror. With fifty passengers on board, in the midst of the Indian Ocean, far from land, a fire was one of the most horrible things which could come upon a ship.

"Go forward and investigate," he said, in a low tone. "If you find that it is a fire, you know what to do. How are the boats?"

"All right, sir; you may trust to them."

They had good cause for fear. The entire forehold was filled with rosin, in boxes and casks, and if a fire started there it might as well be in a nest of fat pine. Will ran down to the lower deck, where he was met by a crowd of excited firemen and coal passers, who were rushing madly on deck. Quick as thought he seized the foremost and buried him back.

"Go back, you fools!" he cried. "Where are you running to?"

"Fire!" whispered the man hoarsely. "Fire in the forehold."

"Suppose there is. Is it your duty to dash on deck and alarm the passengers, or get buckets and try to put out the fire? Back, there, all of you, for I will drown the man who dares to flinch a hair now! Stand back, I say!"

The men cowered before his superior

NUNS WHO NEVER SPEAK.

In the heart of the Pyrenees, near the city of Bayonne, though without the range of its vision, lies secluded the strangest convent in the world, the convent of the Bernardines, followers of the patron St. Bernard. The votaries who enter there spend their lives in an unending silence contemplating death and its sequel. They never speak a word to each other or to a living soul except at confession, and they engage themselves by digging graves and studying skulls and otherwise concentrating their minds upon the theme of death. Yet great as are the hardships they suffer they probably



SISTERS OF BERNARDINES DIGGING GRAVES.

house more distinguished persons than any other order on the continent of Europe. There are many princesses and countesses among them, many of the royal blood. Indeed, it is believed nearly all are of high degree.

The convent migrated nearly a hundred years ago. It was started by several distinguished ladies, who, scorning the world and all of its pomps, withdrew to the solitude of the hills. With their own hands they built a few cabins, wherein the only furnishings were a board and a straw pillow for each to sleep on, and the only decorations skulls and crossbones.

The fame of these holy women spreading throughout the country, applications to join them were numerous, so that in time quite a little group of cabins was visible on the hillside. Each person entering was required to have enough of a fortune to support herself in this fashion for the rest of her days, for no bread-winning was allowed among the Bernardines. They were there to meditate, to pray, to adore and to glorify God, and to atone in some measure by excessive mortification for the sins of the world. As

will and saw that they might yet do something to save the steamer.

A guard was placed at the hatch, so that no one could come down, and the scuttle which led into the forehold was opened. No sooner was this done than a dense volume of black smoke rolled out, and the scuttle was closed again, for Will saw that nothing could be done in that way. The men ran forward with axes, but had scarcely gone a dozen steps when they felt the deck tremble under their feet and saw small jets of flame shooting up through the planks. A moment more and there was a sort of explosion, and the red flames leaped up suddenly and caught the planks above.

There was no hope of concealing the danger from the passengers now, for the steamer was full of smoke, and wild cries from the deck announced that the danger was known. They must face the most terrible situation known to the sea—the one of all others the most feared—fire! Women shrieked and fainted, strong men trembled and could not move hand or foot, and others ran wildly about the decks rendering no assistance. Mabel Vane, utterly bewildered by the sudden horror, felt a strong hand clutch her arm, and saw Will Clay, blackened by smoke and singed by flame.

"Go aft!" he said, hoarsely. "Stand on the port quarter and wait for me, and I will save you or die trying. Obey me, girl; I am your master now." She looked at him in mute wonder and obeyed him in silence. He sprang away and began to fight the fire as he could, aided by the officers and crew and some few of the passengers who kept their heads. Among these was Arthur Vane, a handsome old gentleman, with an engaging face.

"You are a man, William Clay," he said, as the two hurled the contents of a greater water cask down the open hatch. "If we ever escape the company shall know that they have a man in their employment. If we don't, it is all the same. Have you seen my daughter?"

"I sent her aft just now, and told her that I will save her or lose my life. And I'll do it, too, because I love her."

"Love her—you!"

"Stop!" cried Mr. Vane. "You have left the captain and Mr. Clay." The men looked at him fiercely, but the steady eye of the old man averted them, and the two were helped into the boat, the captain supported by the strong arm of his gallant mate. The boats pulled away together, while the columns of flame which shot into the air announced the fate of the Gray Eagle. They reached the islands safely after a week had passed.

"Don't think I'm a fool, Mr. Vane," said Will. "If I lived a thousand years and saw her every day I wouldn't tell her as much as I've told you. And what's more, you wouldn't have heard me say it if it had not come out before I thought."

Will Vane said not a word, and Will Clay was silent. They worked hard to save the steamer, but the flames gained upon them inch by inch, and drove them aft.

There is a young man who sails a steamer from London to Alexandria, whose name is Will Clay, and he is married. The name of his wife is Mabel, for Arthur Vane, having "found a man," knew how to make him all his own. Exchange.

When a baby cries it never sheds sufficient tears to drown the noise.

HER SECRET WEAPON.

WOMAN FAVORS POISON FOR COMMITTING MURDER.

Two Famous Cases of the Past Few Months, Those of Mrs. Botkin and Molineux—Other Disciples of Lucretia Borgia and Their Fate.

The art of doing away with one's enemy without spilling his blood has been more or less assiduously cultivated at every age of the world, and those most susceptible to its unholy fascination have been women. So much is indisputable. But it may have been supposed, not only that this unpleasant pastime had grown obsolete, but that women had grown too refined and lovely to engage in it. It is just as well, then, to call attention to the fact that cases of poisoning have increased with alarming frequency during the past year, and that in almost every one the motive has been traced to a woman's mind and the deed itself to a woman's hand.

Why this epidemic should have occurred during the last year is due, say these scientists, to the influence of the two famous poison cases of the year, those popularly referred to as the "Botkin case" and the "Molineux case."

Millions of women read the thwarted romance of poor, middle-aged Mrs. Cordeilia Botkin, who loved John Dunning so much that she could not suffer the presence of his wife in the world, and hoped to gain happiness for herself by putting this unoffending wife out of the way. These same women read of the method Mrs. Botkin chose. It had to be poison, of course. Poison is the woman's weapon, and has been since savage women centuries ago first learned that one wild herb gave health and another dealt death. She walked into one San Francisco shop and bought arsenic and into another and bought chocolates, mixed the two, and sent them, anonymously, in the most amiable guise imaginable, to Mrs. Dunning, who lived away across the continent in Delaware. Mrs. Dunning and her sister ate the candy and died. Mrs. Botkin was accused, tried and found guilty, and is now bitterly repenting in the jail where she is serving a life sentence.

Most of the women who read about this were presumably healthy minded and saw no suggestion for misdoing in the story of the woman whom they pitied or condemned or despised according as they learned to look at life. But in one woman out of many perhaps the microbe of criminal suggestion found a resting place and thrived and multiplied till she, too, fell to dwelling on the hatefulness of her enemy's existence and wondering if she could be just a little cleverer than Mrs. Botkin was. Which explains, in a simple way, the contagion of crime.

Very likely the case of the mysterious deaths of Mrs. Kate Adams and Henry C. Barnet, which the public has learned to associate with the name of Molineux—and, by association, with the beautiful and gifted woman who was formerly Miss Blanche Chesebrough—have exerted a far greater influence than the Botkin case. This is because the crimes have become more famous and were far more cleverly contrived. The simplest-minded must have inferred from all this that it is comparatively a simple matter to murder and evade the law if one chooses one's way.

In order to trace back for a few years the poison epidemic among women these examples will suffice.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick, who attended her husband during his last illness and whose love for another man was proved, was tried in Liverpool, England, in 1889 on the charge of having murdered her husband by arsenic. She was found guilty and given a life sentence.

Mrs. Helen F. Moore, when accused of the murder of her husband in Springfield, Mass., in 1890, was faced by circumstantial evidence. It was brought out that her first husband had died as mysteriously as her last. She was accused of poisoning him to get his life insurance, but, being a woman, she won the sympathy of the jury and was acquitted.

It was probably Mamie Starr's beauty that saved her from being executed in Chicago in 1890. In an angry passion she administered poison to her employers, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Newland, killing them both. She was sentenced to prison for life.

Mrs. Matt Wimble died in Rome, Ga., in 1890. There was strong circumstantial evidence to prove that Mrs. Ora McKee, her next door neighbor, who owned Mrs. Wimble several hundred dollars, had poisoned her. Mrs. McKee, a good-looking young woman of an excellent family, was acquitted.

Ella Holdridge thought a number of young girls with whom she played would "look well dead," so she said at her trial on the charge of the murder of several of her schoolmates. She admitted poisoning them, but the jury didn't see fit to punish her. These murders were committed in Buffalo in 1892.

When Mr. F. Shann, Jr., of Princeton, was murdered with poison in Newark, in 1893, Mrs. Mary Shann, his mother, was accused of the crime. When the jury brought in a verdict acquitting her her own attorneys expressed surprise.

Marie Joniaux, known as the "Belgian poisoner," shocked the civilized world. She was convicted of the murder of three near relatives, but escaped with imprisonment for life on account of her sex. This was in 1895.

In the same year Mrs. Alice A. L. Fleming, of New York, was accused of having murdered her mother, Mrs.

Bliss, by sending her poisoned clam chowder. After a long and sensational trial she was acquitted.

Singing Canaries.

In the canary breeding establishments of Germany only the male birds are valued, because the females never sing. The method of training the birds to sing is to put them in a room where there is an automatic whistle, which they all strive to imitate. The breeder listens to the efforts of the birds, and picks out the most apt pupils, which are then placed in another room for further instructions. These are the best singers, and ultimately fetch high prices. The less gifted birds are sorted into second and third quality, and are sold, while those which show no vocal powers are destroyed. German canaries are exported to all parts of Europe, to America, and even to Australia, and command higher prices than those bred in other lands because they are the best singers, for among breeders of other nations more attention is given to form and color, comparatively little care being taken to cultivate song.

TOPIC TIMES

Massachusetts talks of making Daniel Webster's homestead by the sea and the old Pilgrim graveyard where he is buried a State park and memorial.

There is a movement on foot among the influential colored people of Louisville to establish a savings bank, possibly with an insurance feature in connection with it, for the benefit of the negroes of the State.

Japan's new gold fields are beginning to attract considerable attention. They were only recently discovered, so far as at present defined, and embrace a territory of about 650 square miles. The gold is found in small streams and rivers rising in the mountains and it is obtained in the most primitive manner by washing the sand.

It is worth noting that while, as shown by official figures the number of labor strikes in the State of New York during the year 1899 was in excess of those of the preceding year and higher than for any year since 1891, the cause of more than half of them was difference of opinion as to the interpretation to be put on the eight-hour law enacted by the last Legislature.

A Boston cemetery company has decided to exclude automobiles from its burying ground lest the horseless vehicles should cause runaways, which might create havoc among the tombstones and monuments. There are many costly monuments in the cemetery, and as these are insured by the company a runaway accident might result in a serious financial loss.

In the laundry of an insane asylum at Pontiac, Mich., electric irons instead of gas irons have proved to be peculiarly adapted for insane asylum service where most of the work is done by the patients. There is no chance of their setting anything on fire with the irons and as the irons are kept at an even temperature they do not require the exercise of judgment in changing them.

An American woman living in Manila writes that the two greatest deprivations that she and her American friends have to undergo are fresh fruit and sweet milk. There is no berry of any sort to be had and no small fruit. There are plenty of bananas, but they have an insipid taste. Condensed milk is used exclusively by the American colony. Most of the vegetables that they use are canned.

One of the most celebrated of the Alpine guides, Jean Payot, died at Chamonix not long ago in his ninety-fourth year. He was one of the best known of all his class and had piloted many distinguished persons up the Alps. He was the last survivor of the companions of Jacques Balmat, who was the first to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, and who perished in the Glaciers de Sixt in 1834.

The fine marksmanship of the Boers is attested by the fact that of the 305 men wounded by them in the battle of the Tugela in December 1894, or more than half, were hit in the extremities, for which soldiers usually aim. All but eight were struck with Mauser bullets, the wounds, according to the British surgeons, being "humane in the extreme." Twenty-six were hit about the head and twenty in the body.

The other evening the electric lights of Juanita, Cal., failed and the next morning three suits were instituted against the corporation. According to the lawyer for one of the plaintiffs "the parlor was at the time filled by guests at a children's party, many of whom made use of the opportunity for illicit kissing and romping, which resulted in the destruction of costly ornaments and was harmful to the moral welfare of those present."

The condition of the negro in Washington has been made the subject of investigation by John W. Ross, who for twelve years has been one of the district commissioners. In the district government as officials, clerks and messengers are fifty negroes, receiving annual salaries aggregating \$28,000. There are forty negroes on the police force in various capacities drawing \$31,400 a year, while there are 500 negro men and women in the school system as teachers, whose yearly pay is \$200,000. These, with the negroes in various public institutions and the water, street and sewer departments, bring the total up to 2,600, drawing an annual compensation of about \$1,000,000.

Cowbells.
It is said that cowbells are produced only in four factories in the United States, and are made just the same as they were 100 years ago, and sound the same. There are ten sizes.

Lots of people spoil their memory by overloading it with facts that are not in their line.

"SALAMANDERS."

Curious Little Rodents Found in the Southern "Piney Woods."

In many places in the extreme Southern States, especially in what are locally known as the "piney woods," one of the most notable features are the constantly recurring mounds of yellow sand which everywhere dot and, it must be confessed, disfigure the monotonous landscape, says Popular Science Monthly. These piles of earth are usually nearly circular in form, fairly symmetrical in contour, from six inches to two feet in diameter and, save where they have been beaten down by rain or winds or the trampling of cattle, about half as high as they are broad. Often these sand heaps are pretty evenly distributed, sometimes so thickly as to cover at least one-fourth of the soil surface. If you ask a native the cause of this singular phenomenon, which you will perhaps at first be disposed to consider a kind of arenaceous eruption which has somehow broken out on the face of nature, your informant will "entitledly" reply "Salamanders!"

All this disfigurement is, indeed, the work of a curious little rodent, popularly so named and about the size and color of an ordinary rat. He is never seen above ground if he can possibly help it. He digs innumerable branching underground tunnels at depths varying from one to six feet, and these mounds of sand are simply the "dump heads" which, in his engineering operations, he finds it necessary to make.

After carrying the excavated earth to the surface this cautious little miner takes the greatest pains to cover up his tracks. No opening into his burrow is left. How he manages to so carefully smooth over his little sand mound and then literally "pull the hole in after him," is as yet unexplained.

A Man of System.

A newspaper man of some celebrity as a disciplinarian was noted about his office for the extreme disorder of his own desk. Though insisting upon methodical habits on the part of his employes, he gave his own pigeonholes a cleaning out and sorting over only once a year, and his regular time for doing this, oddly enough, was Washington's birthday.

It happened one year, nevertheless, that he forgot to perform this task at the proper time, and a friend who happened in at his office on the morning of Feb. 23 was surprised at finding him surrounded by his usual hopeless litter of letters and papers.

"How does this happen, Mr. —?" he asked.

"Forgot it," shortly answered the editor.

"Well, you're going to clean things up to-day, aren't you?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "That job

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Fran-
cisco, Cal., as second class matter, December
19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance \$1.50
Six Months, " 1.50
Three Months, " 50

Advertising rates furnished on applica-
tion.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand
and Linden Avenues,
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San
Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1900.

In the close vote on the Quay case
in the U. S. Senate, the political equi-
librium was maintained by California,
Senator Quay voting for and Senator
Bard against Quay.

Senator Morgan's overwhelming vic-
tory in Alabama is an index to the drift
of public opinion in Dixie Land. Mor-
gan is a stalwart in politics. His
Americanism is of the virile brand.
He is an expansionist and not afraid to
say so. Col. William Jennings Bryan
will do well to make a note of Alabama
politics.

The Butler brick yard has apparently
succumbed to the wiles of a combina-
tion and, according to rumor, will re-
main closed. The Morning Chronicle
publishes a statement that the Stockton
combine, with Remillard at the head,
has bought up quite a number of brick
yards for the sole purpose of keeping
them closed, while they concentrate
on their main yards, and in this way
control the price of brick. It would
not be surprising if our big city con-
tractors take a hand in the game and
open yards of their own, and in this
connection we would like to suggest
that the South San Francisco Land and
Improvement Company has extensive
clay banks accessible both by rail and
water, which we are sure could be
leased on very reasonable terms.

In resolving that the Republican
voters are not to be trusted, the
Republican Committee for the Fifth Con-
gressional District, has made a very
serious mistake. The action of the
committee is an outrage and should be
resented. The appointment of dele-
gates by committee violates the funda-
mental principles of free government.
It poisons the stream at its very
fountain. If the rank and file of the
party are not permitted to participate
in naming the candidates, they may as
well be disfranchised outright and
altogether. The regular election is
simply a ratification of the primary.
The real interest lies in the selection
rather than in the election of candi-
dates. Exclude the voter from the first
and it is a burlesque of the elective
franchise to ask him to participate at
the latter. Government by committee
means party paralysis and political
death.

The suppression of the primary is
a violation of all party rule and prece-
dents—a subversion of popular rights—
and should not be submitted to.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Denunciation is the prime issue of
Democracy; confirmation that of Re-
publicanism. The latter are creators;
the former merely kickers.—San Jose
Herald.

Manila Bay Dewey risked his
life; in matrimony his peace of mind,
and in politics his good name. If he
lacks judgment, he has nerve to spare.
—Mayfield Republican.

The Idaho investigation has been a
terrible blow for the labor unions.
Instead of proving military usurpation
of power, it has been shown that the
mining unions there were little better
than Molly Maguire murder associa-
tions, and that only the presence of the
military there prevented deeds that
would have shaken the country with
horror.—Mayfield Republican.

SELECTED POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

However, there can be no serious ob-
jection to Admiral Dewey sailing into
Bryant.

When American ships carry Ameri-
can products to all parts of the world
the calamity orator will be an audi-
enceless individual.

Mr. Macrum, former consul to Pre-
toria, has been withdrawn from circu-
lation as a Democratic campaign card.

The Democratic party has nursed a
great many boomerangs, but it never
got hold of anything quite so unpleas-
ant as the Idaho riots.

The Pennsylvania Democrats will go
to Kansas City solid for Mr. Bryan.
Later on Pennsylvania will go into the life of a woman

electoral college solid for President Mc-
Kinley.

The foreign shipping interests, which
are all opposed to the pending shipping
bill, seem to have given up the hope
of defeating its passage by the present
Congress.

Last year sixty-two new silk mills
were started in the United States.
Skilled American labor needs only the
opportunity to show its superiority.

The establishment of new cotton mills
in the South continues, despite the dis-
couraging words of the politicians in
that section whose personal welfare
depends upon commercial depression.

The little men who propose to butt
the prosperity locomotive off the track
are the same who predicted national
calamity in case of the defeat of Bryan
and his hobbies.

The Democrats of Raleigh, N. C.,
have endorsed the Hon. Julian S. Carr,
the millionaire tobacco manufacturer,
for United States Senator. The Democ-
rats, however, are violently opposed to
millionaires in the other party.

Every indication points to the
heaviest wool clip in the Northwest for
many years." This is the opinion of a
member of a Boston wool firm, M. E.
Race, who has just been through Utah,
Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. This
is better news than to hear of the
wholesale slaughter of sheep because
farmers can not afford even to feed
them, as was the case under a free wool
policy.

Oregon Republicans are for expan-
sion, the Nicaragua Canal, the open
door in China, and, very naturally, for
the gold standard as the basis on
which oriental countries should pay
for their goods.

From the way the Democrats seem to
be worrying over the Constitution,
it would appear that they have forgotten
that there is a Supreme Court,
whose chief duty it is to safeguard that
sacred document.

The fact that as much has been paid
foreign ship owners during the past
thirty-five years as has been collected
at American custom houses is one that
loudly calls for the passage of the ship-
ping bill, which is designed to turn our
foreign carrying over to American-built
ships.

In the last two calendar years, under
the Dingley tariff, we bought from
Europe goods worth \$725,000,000. In
the same year two years we sold to
Europe goods worth \$1,940,000,000.
The balance of trade in our favor was
thus \$1,215,000,000 from Europe alone.
This is the sort of "entangling foreign
alliance" that is caused by the Republi-
can policy of protection. It is entang-
ling to the other fellow.

Our Democratic friends are very
much afraid that the inhabitants of
our new possessions will not receive at
the hands of the Administration the
kind, fatherly, thoughtful, philan-
thropic care which they bestow on the
colored people of the South. As they
are experienced in such matters, they
are not willing to trust them. They stand
ready to extend the franchise as fast
as the natives can give positive proof
that they will always vote the straight
Democratic ticket, and no sooner.

LITERARY NOTES.

Upward of fifty writers and artists
contribute to the May Ladies' Home
Journal, consequently variety is com-
bined with excellence throughout its
pages. Rudyard Kipling drolly tells
of "The Beginning of the Armadillos."

Mary B. Mullett writes of "The Real
Thruins of Barrie," Clifford Howard,
of "The Flower that Set a Nation
Mad," Mabel Perez Haskell, of "A
Famous Boston Belle," and the Rev.
Cyrus Townsend Brady continues his
experiences as "A Missionary in the
Great West." Ian Maclaren's article
answers the query "Is the Minister an
Idler?" and Edward Bok writes of
early marriage and of domestic science
in the schools. Two pages of pictures,
"Through Picturesque America,"—the
second of a series—reveal the beauties
of our country's scenery. The drawings,
"The American Girl on the Farm,"
by H. C. Christy, and "The Minister at
Tea," by A. B. Frost, worthily fill a page each. Fashions
for women and for girl graduates, cooking,
and in fact every phase of home
making, from the "Etiquette of Dances
and Balls" to "How to Treat and Keep
a Servant," are included in the May
Journal. By The Curtis Publishing
Company, Philadelphia. One dollar
a year; ten cents a copy.

A WOMAN'S PERFECT GIFT.

The Flawless Joy Which Comes to Her
Over the Cradle of Her Grandchild.

"One crown of glory the elderly
woman may proudly wear, and it is a
distinction she could never have had
in girlhood or early matronhood; she
may be a grandmother," writes Mar-
garet E. Sangster in the May Ladies'
Home Journal. "I can think of nothing
so perfectly satisfying and so thrilling
with a subtle ecstasy as the holding
in one's arms, and looking into the
face of the child of one's son or daughter.
It is the second generation, and you have lived to see it; that fact in
itself is delightful. You compare the
baby face with those of your own chil-
dren, and trace the quaintest points of
resemblance, and oddly enough you
see, what nobody else can see, fitting
likenesses now and then to the child's
remoter ancestors—to some great grand-
father or grandmother long vanished
from the earth. Your granddaughter
and you will be chums; your grandson
and you will be comrades, and good,
and only good, will be the outcome of
the beautiful association for all con-
cerned. One of the most perfect gifts

is the joy which comes to her over the
cradle of the grandchild. It is without
a single flaw."

TOILER, RESPECT THYSELF!

I've ne'er with others cliqued nor clanned;
I've never with my brother planned
To brother rob of rights or land;
To me each man's a man.

For equal rights before the law
I'll stand and fight with tooth and claw,
For man of might, for man of straw,
I'll fight for rights of man.

I'll take the fallen by the hand,
My brother whom my God had planned,
And help him on his feet to land;
To me a man's a man.

With eyes of pity I look down
When sad or fool upon me frown,
The man of millions, or the clown;
To me a man's a man.

It matters not what lines he trace,
What'er his lineage or race,
'Tis in my heart he has a place,
My fellow man's a man.

I hold true charity for all;
God's mercy is within our call;
To raise erect the weak who fall;
Erect my fellow man.

I hold as dearest thought and true
That prayer wipes out and writes anew
In lines of light on heavens own blue;
To bless the soul of man.

I'll never cringe, I'll never cling;
To any cross that time may bring;
I'll fight to death each evil thing,
And live as should a man.

—DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY.

Your chance to get ahead is to stop
paying rent and own your own home,
but don't buy a five-room cottage with
bath on Grand Avenue. Swell, new,
modern, sunny, free from dampness,
at your own terms.

* E. E. Cunningham, Agent.

DO NOT BAND TOGETHER.

There Are No Such Things as
"Gangs" of Criminals.

"The 'gang' idea as applied to crimi-
nals is a ridiculous blunder," said an
experienced detective. "There are no
such things except in story books.
There seems to be something about the
inner nature of confirmed crooks that
forbids them to band together. Honest
folks instinctively drift toward each
other and form societies and combina-
tions for self protection and mutual
interest, but criminals are exactly the
reverse.

"Safe burglars generally work in
parties of three, but that is because
three men are necessary to the average
'job'—two to manipulate the drill and
other tools and one to 'pipe' or watch
the outside. Whenever it is possible
for a burglar to 'turn a trick,' as they
call it, single handed he is certain to
go alone. It is the same with all other
thieves.

"You read of 'gangs of pickpockets'
descending on some country fair. They
do their work in pairs, so in that case
it would simply mean that six or eight
of the crooked couples happened to
strike the place at the same time. The
detective novel theory is that criminals
are organized into great societies with
regular heads and cast iron laws and
bylaws, to violate which means sud-
den and mysterious death.

"That is all rubbish. If such an or-
ganization was formed, the police
would know it ten minutes after the
first meeting adjourned. One of the
things that keep thieves apart is their
horrible treachery. I have been a de-
tective for over a quarter of a century,
and I never knew a single crook who
would not betray any other crook
merely to curry favor with the officers.
They are well aware of that little pecu-
liarity themselves and dread one an-
other a good deal more than they dread
the authorities."—New Orleans Times-
Democrat.

CANNIBALISTIC.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed that
humor best which was of his own pro-
duction. On one occasion he was hold-
ing forth at great length on the sub-
ject of cannibalism, and, having
wound himself up to the proper pitch,
he turned suddenly to Thomas Bailey
Aldrich, who was sitting near him,
and asked: "Imagine! What would
you do if you were to meet a can-
nibal?"

"I think," Mr. Aldrich sweetly re-
plied, "that I should stop to pick an
acquaintance with him."

This rejoinder cast such a gloom over
Dr. Holmes that during the rest of the
dinner his conversation was limited to
monosyllables.—San Francisco Argon-
aut.

SALUTING THE DECK.

The poop or raised after deck of a
ship over which floated the national
flag was considered to be always
guarded by the presence of the sovereign.
As the worshiper of whatever rank re-
moves his hat upon entering the church
or from the admiral to the powder
monkey every member of the ship's
company as he set foot upon the poop
"saluted the deck," the invisible pres-
ence. But since in steamers there is
often no lee side the custom in them
has completely died out.—St. Louis
Post-Dispatch.

CURIOSITY SATISFIED.

Burly Tramp—Wot's th' good of a
little dog like that?

Mrs. Rural—To keep off tramps.

"He, he! Wot kin that little critter
do?"

"I, I bark. That will wake up
the big dogs under the porch."

"Y-e-s, mum. Good day, mum."

New York Weekly.

Not Enough Pin Money to Go Round.
Ostend—Pa, I want a dollar to buy
a set of tenpins.

"Pa—Well, you just don't get it! It's
all I can do to keep your mother in pin
money.—Chicago News.

SOLDIERS IN BATTLE.

The Peculiar Way Some Men Act
When They Are Wounded.

If you take a dozen soldiers as like
each other as pean so far as height,
weight, strength, age, courage and
general appearance go and wound them
all in precisely the same way, you will
find that scarcely any two of them are
affected alike.

One man on receiving a bullet in his
leg will go on fighting as if nothing
had happened. He does not know,
in fact, that he now contains a bullet.
But perhaps in two or three minutes
he will grow faint and fall.

Another man, without feeling the
slightest pain, will tremble all over,
totter and fall at once, even though
the wound is really very slight.

A third will cry out in a way to
frighten his comrades and will forget
everything in his agony. A fourth will
grow stupid and look like an idiot.

Some soldiers wounded in the slight-
est manner will have to be carried off
the field. Others, although perhaps
fatally injured, can easily walk to the
ambulance. Many die quickly from
the shock to the nervous system.

A very curious case is recorded in
the surgical history of the American
civil war, in which three officers were
hit just at the same time. One had
his leg from the knee down carried
away, but he rode ten miles to the
hospital. Another lost his little finger,
and he became a raving maniac, while
a third was shot through the body
and, though he did not shed a drop of
blood externally, he dropped dead from
the shock to the nervous system.

"My boy," he said, as only he could
say it, "it can't be politics and religion.
It must be one or the other. You can't
fit yourself for heaven and for the
legislature at the same time, and there's
no use trying. That is all I can say,
and you will have to make your own
choice."—Washington Star.

He Drank Alone.

In the early days of Ventura, Cal.,
Dr. Bard established such a reputation
for willingness to fight that few pre-
sumed to provoke his anger. He was
once informed that the lawyer he had
engaged to represent him in a certain
case had sold out to the opposing side.
"I'll cut his heart out," said Bard when
the news came to him.

Shortly after that, walking with one
of his friends, Dr. Bard met the law-
yer on the street. "Come in and have
a drink," said that worthy, and the
three men, entering the barroom, ordered
three glasses of whisky, which
were put before them.

"Drink," said Dr. Bard to the law-
yer.

"Not until you are ready," the law-
yer politely replied.

"No, not with me," said Bard; "you
drink now."

"Not until you drink," insisted the
legal light.

Dr. Bard's pistol was out in a moment
and pointed between the eyes of the
man who had betrayed him. "Drink!"
said he in a voice of thunder; "drink,
I tell you!" The lawyer drank
with avid

TOWN NEWS.

Times good.
Town growing.
Everybody busy.
Public school re-opens next Monday.
Three new buildings commenced this week.

Two more lots sold on Commercial avenue.

Remember the Sentinels' ball this evening.

Mr. Wisnom of San Mateo was in town Sunday.

A. L. Town of Redwood City paid our town a visit Tuesday.

L. Medus, contractor of San Francisco, was in town Saturday.

A Belgian hare farm has been started near Colma by C. T. Thomas.

Don't forget the Sentinels' ball at Butchers' hall this evening.

The Cavanaugh cottage on Grand avenue is enclosed and under roof.

Rev. Father Cooper paid the good people of our town a visit on Monday.

The Butchers' picnic at San Jose on Sunday drew a large crowd from this place.

Wyant & Scherlin furnished the brick for the foundations of the Forney cottages.

John Kennedy has removed to San Mateo and will drive team for Mr. Coleman.

Services at Grace Mission Sunday 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m.

J. P. Newman has consummated purchase of the lot adjoining his home in block 123.

The Steiger pottery has just closed a contract for ten miles of large dimension sewer pipe.

Mrs. J. S. McRinnia's mother suffered a stroke of paralysis recently and is confined to her bed.

The strike at Frank's tannery, Redwood City, has been amicably settled by an advance of wages.

For fire insurance in first-class companies only, apply to E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Tax Collector Frank Granger has appointed Bob Carroll Deputy License Collector for the First Township.

Miss Blanche Smith of Galesburg, Ill., cousin of Mr. W. J. Martin, is paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Martin.

The Western Meat Company made a shipment to Capo Nome on Wednesday of 2200 tons of choice refrigerated beef.

Mr. Odium who has been away from this place about two years returned last week and is at work at the Packing House once more.

Mrs. G. C. Ripley has bought lot 17, in block 122, on Commercial avenue, with the view of building a cottage at an early day.

R. M. Graham has rented and moved into the J. P. Newman residence on Commercial avenue. Mr. Newman has removed to San Mateo.

J. F. Lyman has a contract to erect three handsome cottages for Mrs. Forney, on Commercial avenue, and has a force of men at work on the buildings.

George Wishing has bought a lot of the Land and Improvement Company, in block 122, on south side of Commercial avenue, and thinks of improving it by building.

If you take advice sometimes, also take a five-room cottage with bath, on suitable terms, on Grand avenue. New, modern, sunny; free from dampness. Don't pay any more rent.

* E. E. Cunningham, Agent.

The Werner cottages now under construction will be completed to suit the wishes of desirable tenants. Parties wanting such dwelling can apply to J. F. Lyman, the contractor, who has charge of the work.

The trial of John Fitzgerald for the killing of John Lennon at or near Holy Cross Cemetery, on the 24th day of last December, resulted on Tuesday in a disagreement of the jury. Judge Lonigan, by whom the case was heard, has fixed the retrial for May 7th.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

The workmen engaged in taking out shell from the shell mound just below the rock crusher have uncovered the bones of some mammoth animal. The teeth found are in an excellent state of preservation. These teeth are over four inches in length and are from 1 1/4 to 1 5/8 inches in width.

CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER.

John Alves was placed on trial yesterday in the Superior Court of this county for the killing of Manuel Fialho, the death of whom resulted from a blow from a demijohn in the hands of the former. The fracas occurred at this place on the night of January 13th last, and Fialho died three days later at the county farm.

Alves' trial was of remarkably short duration. It was begun at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon a verdict had been returned. The jury declared Alves guilty of manslaughter, with extenuating circumstances.—Coast Advocate.

Principal basso singer for the famous Bostonians. Mr. McDonald has been with the Bostonians less than two years and in that brief time has attained a position which usually taken from six to eight years' hard work to reach. Redwood City is proud of McDonald's success.

Mrs. Flora A. Werner has bought two 50-foot lots, Nos. 9-10, in block 123, on the north side of Commercial avenue, occupying the crown of Homeowners Hill, and has commenced the work of erecting three handsome cottages of from four to six rooms each. The cottages are in the Queen Anne style of architecture, and when completed, will be up to date as well as artistic. The architect and builder is our fellow townsmen, Mr. J. F. Lyman.

ITS LAST MEETING IN HALFMOON BAY.

On Saturday evening last Hayward Lodge, No. 226 F. and A. M. held its final meeting in this place. Hereafter the lodge-room will be in San Mateo, where a broader field awaits the teaching of Masonry.

Hayward Lodge was organized on September 12, 1872, under the name of Hesperia Lodge. The name was afterward changed to the present one in honor of Alvinza Hayward, who presented the lodge with a set of solid silver jewels. Its first Master was Henry E. Lea, who is now a resident of Skagway, Alaska. The charter members numbered thirteen, of whom only one is now a resident of Halfmoon Bay the eight others living are scattered to many places. Following are the living charter members: J. P. Johnston, James Hatch, Albert Milliken J. P. Ames, Charles Davids, William Yates, Wm. Campbell, M. F. Garcia and E. B. Wooley.

Saturday night the third degree was bestowed upon two candidates, and it being the last meeting of the lodge here, a number of visitors were present from other points. Among them were: F. R. Hartell, A. H. Rich, John Kelley, L. P. Behrens, S. W. Palin, A. Cerf, J. A. Soule, John W. Poole, R. J. McNulty, P. P. Chamberlain, P. Bettelheim, John Wisnom, J. B. Peckham, Jesse Penton, W. W. Fullmer, G. P. Hartley, J. P. McCracken, G. A. Bigelow.—Coast Advocate.

MRS. STANFORD'S GIFT.

The Sacramento Bee of Wednesday announces the gift by Mrs. Leland Stanford of the beautiful Stanford mansion at Eighth and N streets to Right Rev. Bishop Grace of the Catholic diocese of Sacramento and his successors forever, together with an endowment fund of \$75,000. This money has been invested in interest-bearing bonds and the monthly income will be applied to the maintenance of "Lathrop-Stanford Children's Day Home," by which the place will be known. The home will probably be conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.

For twenty years this mansion, one of the handsomest in the city, has been unoccupied, save for the solitary care-taker who has served in that capacity since Senator Stanford and wife removed to the great house on California street, San Francisco. For the old home which she gave away today Mrs. Stanford has always cherished the deepest affection. It was there that her son, Leland Stanford Jr., was born, and to this day the playthings in his room remain as when they were left by the lad in whom the Senator and his wife had centered their best hopes. The old dining-room appears as it did during the days when General Sherman, General Grant, President Hayes and other distinguished men were entertained there.—Palo Alto Live Oak.

NO PRIMARIES.

The Congressional committee of the Fifth District met in the office of W. H. Cobb in the Parrot building Thursday evening and resolved the Republicans of the district out of the burden and trouble of choosing their delegates to the next convention. They resolved that owing to the notorious frauds (1) that have accompanied every primary election for years past (1) the committee in the interests of pure politics will take unto itself the task of appointing the delegates. The members of this appointing committee from Santa Clara county are (1) Johnnie Mackenzie, (2) Louis Oneal—Bert Herrington's former partner and (3) Rick Donovan, a public school janitor in San Jose. Oneal and Donovan are both office holders by appointment from Mackenzie. This purity program should be enough to silence the carping critics who imagine that there is a gang in Santa Clara county.—Palo Alto Live Oak.

CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER.

John Alves was placed on trial yesterday in the Superior Court of this county for the killing of Manuel Fialho, the death of whom resulted from a blow from a demijohn in the hands of the former. The fracas occurred at this place on the night of January 13th last, and Fialho died three days later at the county farm.

Alves' trial was of remarkably short duration. It was begun at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon a verdict had been returned. The jury declared Alves guilty of manslaughter, with extenuating circumstances.—Coast Advocate.

RWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

DANCING SCHOOL.

Lessons in dancing every Tuesday and Friday evenings at Armour Pavilion. Admission 25 cents.

R. O. Thurman.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An American Reporter.

They have reporter on one of the Williamsburg papers who may not be much on style, but for placid, nervy "get there" he is a jewel. A little while ago he was assigned to a political meeting and asked to give a good report of it. Now, it happened that the festivities were conducted entirely in Polish, a language of which the young man knows nothing. This fact, however, did not faze him a bit. He made his way through the hall, pushed up to the platform and sat down with the secretary. For several minutes he industriously took notes and finally the secretary, turning to him, puffed out a volley of Polish.

"I am not in it, dear boy," retorted the young man as he turned again to listen to the speaker. The secretary looked surprised. Finally he went out and brought in a man who asked in English:

"Are you Polish reporter?"

"Nope," was the reply. "I am an American one."

"Do you understand our language?"

"I never heard it before," retorted the scribbler, "but I think I have picked up enough since I have been here to give a rattling good story."

And he did.—New York Press.

A Savage Publisher.

The late J. Schabellitz, the famous Zurich publisher and author, was a shrewd business man, an excellent linguist, a skillful writer and probably the most savage publisher who ever lived. When he accepted the famous memoirs of Count von Arnim, he wrote on the postal card with the acceptance the proviso, "I reserve the right to correct your internally bad grammar."

To an aspiring poet who had submitted manuscript he answered by postal card: "I refuse to be disgraced by printing your doggerel. I don't return the copy because you didn't enclose enough postage. If you will send it with the price of this card, I will send it to you, but I don't think the stuff is worth the expense on your part."

One of his postal cards to a novelist read about as follows: "For heaven's sake, come and take away the unnecessary mass of paper you left here for me to look at!"

An ambitious historian was crushed by the following, written, like all of his correspondence, upon a postal card: "You are making the mistake of your life. You don't want to study history. You want to learn how to write."—Saturday Evening Post.

"Paradise B'lld Down."

A tourist tells how he traveled with a young couple evidently on their honeymoon, and the passengers in that particular carriage were on the grin most of the time over their antics.

The bride had got the man she loved, and she didn't care who saw her put her head on his shoulder. The bridegroom had got a farm with his wife, and if he wanted to feed her on sweets or squeeze her hand whose business was it?

A little old man sat directly opposite the couple, and he looked at them so often that the young husband finally explained:

"We've just got married."

"I knowed it all the time," chuckled the other.

"And we can't help it, you know."

"No, you can't. I'll be blowed if you can!"

"I presume it all seems very silly to an old man like you," continued the husband.

"Does it? Does it?" cackled the old fellow. "Well, I can tell you it does not, then. I've been there three times over, and now I'm on my way to marry a fourth. B'lld! Why, children, it's paradise b'lld down!"—London Fun.

The Bullet and the Mark.

"General Lawton," said an officer who served with that fearless commander, "once said to me that the right bullet would always find its mark no matter how small the latter might be, and then he related an incident which occurred during the civil war. In one of the engagements of his command—I can't remember now whether or not he mentioned the place—a piece of shell hit the ground near where a soldier was standing and scared him so badly that he jumped straight up in the air like a rabbit. As he did so a minie ball knocked off the crown of his head.

Alves' trial was of remarkably short duration. It was begun at 11 o'clock yesterday morning, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon a verdict had been returned. The jury declared Alves guilty of manslaughter, with extenuating circumstances.—Coast Advocate.

Reward!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

DANCING SCHOOL.

Lessons in dancing every Tuesday and Friday evenings at Armour Pavilion. Admission 25 cents.

R. O. Thurman.

THE BISHOP AND DIPLOMAT.

Illustration of a Diplomatic Attitude Toward Religion.

In the "Life of Archbishop Benson" by his son occurs the entertaining and extremely suggestive passage:

I shall never forget a conversation between the ambassador of a foreign power and my father. The former was dining at Lambeth, a genial, intelligent man, very solicitous to be thoroughly in touch with the social life of the country to which he had been accredited. After dinner the ambassador, in full diplomatic uniform, with a ribbon and stars, sitting next to my father, said politely:

"Does your grace reside much in the country?"

My father said that as archbishop he was provided with a country house and that he was there as much as possible, as he preferred the country to the town.

"Now, does your grace go to church in the country?" with an air of genial inquiry, turning round in his chair.

"Yes, indeed!" said my father. "We have a beautiful church almost in the park, which the village people all go to."

"Yes," said the ambassador meditatively, "yes, I always go to church myself in the country. It is a good thing to show sympathy with religious feelings; it is the one thing which combats socialistic ideas. I think you are very wise, your grace, to go."

My father said that he felt as if he and the ambassador were the two augs as represented in Punch.

"I did my best," said my father, "to persuade him that I was a Christian, but he listened to all that I said with a charming expression, implying, 'We are men of the world and understand each other.' I am sure that he thought that I was speaking diplomatically and in purely conventional language, and that if we had known each other better I should have thrown off the mask and avowed myself as free a thinker as we."

A Coffee Hint.

A French housekeeper says that in her country it is an invariable rule to add a little butter and powdered sugar to coffee beans while they are roasting. A very small piece of butter is needed to the pound, a bit perhaps as large as a hazelnut, and not more than a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. This treatment is the secret of the pleasant burned sugar flavor in French coffee.

IN THE TIME OF LOUIS QUATORZE

In the time of Louis Quatorze in France food in general was plaged upon the table in one huge dish, and each helped himself with his naked hand. As late as the middle of the sixteenth century one glass or goblet did duty for the whole table.

Men have missed their opportunities more often than opportunities have missed them.—Elliott's Magazine.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is fairly active and prices are steady.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easier prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at higher prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at higher prices.

JIM AND JOE.

Says Jim: "There's Joe;
I wouldn't be
Like him, you know,
For I kin see
Mistakes he's made.
I'll let you know
There'd be a change
If I was Joe!"

Says Joe: "There's Jim;
I wouldn't make
Mistakes like him.
For mercy sake!
They're plain enough
To all but him.
There'd be a change
If I was Jim!"

When God made the
Old world He gave
To Jim an' Joe
A place to live;
But no one sense
It's come to pass
Has furnished 'em
A lookin' glass.
—Indianapolis Sun.

His Uncle's Fortune.

YOU are in a particularly cheerful mood, Bob, for a man who has got to the end of his resources."

"My dear boy, if you want to drive the last nail into the box that will bury you under a ton weight of cold shoulder pull a long face when you are in difficulties, and turn seedy. Besides, a man is never at the end of his resources."

"Well, I suppose a fiver is of no use to you?"

"None in the least!" said Bob Summers, with a light laugh. "Give me a month to myself, Ted, and good-by till then. One month from to-night—and this is the 5th—dine with me here."

They parted on the steps of the cafe. Summers watched his friend out of sight, then took a cab to his chambers, paid his man a month's wages and gave him a month's holiday, packed a portmanteau, locked up his rooms, gave the key to his housekeeper and, half an hour later, was smoking his last cigar in a first-class compartment of a southwestern train with his last \$5 in his pocket.

In the next issue of the *Dormouth Times* appeared this item of news:

"Some men are lucky! Mr. Robert Summers, son of the late Richard Summers, of *Dormouth*, who has been reading for the bar since his father's sudden death, has just inherited a fortune, estimated at from \$400,000 to half a million, left by an uncle who settled early in life in Chile. News of the death of his wealthy relative and of the fortune bequeathed to him reached Mr. Summers, who happens to be staying at the *Dormouth Arms* at the present time, by the last South American mails. We heartily congratulate our fellow townsmen."

Mr. Summers read this with a placid face in his sitting-room at the *Dormouth Arms*, while chipping an egg for his breakfast.

"A very comfortable sum," he soliloquized. "Not too small for the covetous and not too large for the credulous. They will turn up presently."

Before he had finished breakfast a note was handed him from his old tailor, whose name and account he had almost forgotten. It begged the favor of a renewal of Mr. Summers' esteemed patronage. A couple of circulars strongly emphasizing the claims of local charities followed, and no less than six begging letters in an hour.

"They must fancy that fortunes are remitted by cable!" Summers commented on these prompt recognitions of his admission into the ranks of the dunned.

To the other evidences of newspaper popularity was added the usual attention of a visit from his landlord, who hoped Mr. Summers was comfortable. He had known Mr. Summers' father for "well on to forty years, sir, and remembered hearin' tell of a brother who went to South America in the '30s. Very sad news, sir; but"—brightening—"he seems to have improved his time, sir."

"Yes," said Bob dryly, "an affliction with compensations. Er—will you send someone with my hat and get a mourning-band put on? Uncle, you know."

Bob lounged up to the window just as a carriage stopped in the road below.

"Lady Wheedle," he murmured, "by all that's marvelous! Has she still got her daughters on her hands?"

A note was handed out, and the carriage drove on. The note came to him, as he had half-anticipated, for by this time he was becoming prepared for extremities. Lady Wheedle's compliments and condolences with Mr. Summers on his bereavement ("The old feline!" he muttered, "What a quick scent she has!") and would be greatly pleased if Mr. Summers would dine at Wheedle house on Monday, the 11th, strictly en famille.

He had scarcely dropped the note on the table, with its conspicuous coat-of-arms uppermost, when a Mr. Bolster was announced.

"Bolster! Bolster! I don't recall—"

"Owns a deal of property hereabouts, sir," explained the waiter, with an apologetic cough.

"Oh, ah! Yes. Show him in."

Mr. Bolster appeared—a gentleman of a bustling and confident manner, with a keen eye and an expansive style of conversation.

"Hope you will pardon this intrusion, Mr. Summers, and particularly on matters of business; but capital, sir, knows neither birth, marriage nor death."

"The deuce it doesn't!" thought Summers; but he said nothing to interrupt the flow of words.

"Capital is forever changing hands, of course, sir," proceeded Mr. Bolster, "but survives the ordinary mutabilities of life. I called to say that I can offer you at the present moment some peculiarly profitable investments."

"But, my dear sir, you forget that I have not yet handled a penny of this inheritance, and am not likely to for some time."

"That is so, of course, Mr. Summers. No man understands the vexatious delays in obtaining possession of distant inheritances better than I do. But still, sir, this is immaterial. The association of your name, as a man of capital, with mine would, at this juncture, enable us to purchase some property for a very small cash payment, which I could not acquire on my individual credit without a present sum which I am unable to command. If you will call at my office on Monday I can satisfy you as to the advantageous nature of the transaction."

"I am obliged to you for your offer, Mr. Bolster, and will look into the matter on Monday, but with the distinct understanding, you know, that I have nothing to offer you but my name."

"Quite sufficient, quite sufficient, I assure you, Mr. Summers!" protested Mr. Bolster, rising to take his leave. "I presume an equal share in the profits will be satisfactory to you? Thank you! well, good-by till Monday. Shall we say 10?"

Bob stood for a moment, his face wearing a smile that was a trifle sardonic, when the waiter reappeared with the announcement that "Squire Merryweather presented his compliments, and could Mr. Summers receive him? The new visitor turned out to be a white-haired gentleman of amiable countenance and suave manners.

"You know me, Mr. Summers," he proceeded to introduce himself, "as the head of Merryweather's bank, no doubt? I called to express my sympathy with your bereavement, and to ask you if we can be of any service to you?"

"Why, you are extremely kind, sir," said Bob, in acknowledgment; "but you realize, doubtless, that I cannot open account on a solicitor's letter of advice. I should require something more tangible," he said, with an ingratiating smile.

"I fully appreciate your position, Mr. Summers. That will come in good time. You will probably settle down in your old home, and I believe I may say that Merryweather's has a reputation for solidity and for consideration toward its customers that cannot be exceeded elsewhere. But pending the realization of your prospects, it has occurred to us that a little present accommodation might be acceptable."

"You are doubly kind" said Bob, with some difficulty restraining a desire to clap the old gentleman on the back—"doubly kind! I dare say, my friend, Lord Wheedle!"—with a gesture toward the open note on the table—"would oblige me for a few weeks, but you realize the indelicacy one feels in imposing on personal friendship?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Summers; the reluctance is most natural. But as between us the matter would have a purely business character. Shall we say an overdraft for \$25,000 on your acceptance at three months?"

"You would place me under an obligation I could not forget, Mr. Merryweather."

"Let it be so, then. Will you call at the bank before 11? Thank you."

With Monday forenoon came the interview with Mr. Bolster, and he emerged from it the half owner of a building estate, for which he had undertaken to pay \$100,000 in one, two, three and four years.

Out of at least a dozen schemes submitted to him, with the rosiest assurances of profitable investment, he selected three, which he negotiated during the week. He bought a wharf, a fleet of coasting vessels and a tin mine in the vicinity. By depositing the deeds with Merryweather's bank as collateral security, he obtained an overdraft large enough to enable him to complete these purchases on very favorable terms, and then he instructed his solicitors to amalgamate the three properties in a syndicate.

Altogether, this was the hardest month's work in Mr. Robert Summers' life. He felt that he could not endure the strain of it much longer, and, moreover, there was some peril in prolonging it.

He gave the last of the four weeks to realizing on his investments, and the incipient boom his enterprise had started made that an easier task than he had anticipated.

Tim was rapidly rising in the market, for one thing, and he disposed of his interest in the Dormouth tin and coasting syndicate for a profit of \$15,000. Bolster was very glad to give him a \$5,000 profit for his half share in the building estate. He was able to pay off his overdraft at Merryweather's and retire with a clean \$17,000.

He gave no intimation, however, that the game was up. His popularity was at no time so great, nor his name so persistently on everybody's tongue, as when he was packing his portmanteau to return to London, on the evening of the fourth of the month following his arrival at Dormouth.

He met Ted Craig at the very spot on which they had parted a month before.

"What's all this rumor?" exclaimed Craig, "of your having come in for a fortune?"

"Good heavens! Has it got here?"

"All over the shop, Bob."

"Well, I have—a small one."

"Some old uncle in the West Indies, wasn't it?"

"The place isn't material, Ted."

"What did he die of?"

"A newspaper paragraph."

"Queen thing! Are you going back to Dormouth?"

"Never!"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

I am a bit of ashes. How I came to be here you wonder. I will tell you of my travels. When I first remember it was being on the back of a lamb whose fleece was white as snow. I was the fleece. I went around with the lamb whose name was Fanny, for two years, when the good old farmer came and took Fanny and me down to a small stream which flowed through his farm, washed us and took a pair of large shears and separated me from Fanny.

I, with a lot of my brothers and sisters, was put onto a wagon and drawn to market by two large white horses. I was then taken to a place called a mill, where they spun, spooled and wove me into a fine fabric. I was hauled to a dry goods store, piled up on a shelf among other pieces of cloth, and finally a lady bought me for her little girl whose name was Bella. She was a lovely little girl and thought me very pretty. I was to be made into an apron for Bella. She said that she would like to have me made "empire." Of course I didn't know what that meant.

They took me to the sewing-room, and there a lady took shears and cut me. Of course it hurt, but I was willing to stand anything for my young mistress, Bella's sake. Then they sewed me all up with a kind of thread and put lace on me and then I was ready to be worn. First I went to a lawn party at a nice residence of a little girl named Letta Snow. We had a lovely time (I mean Bella and I). They served ice cream and all sorts of goodies; all of which Bella seemed to enjoy. After that I went to quite a few parties. Then Bella only wore me to school. And after a while only around home until she grew tired of me and gave me to a little girl named Gladys Jones, who was quite poor. She wore me quite a while "for nice," as she said, and then just around home. Then little Johnnie, her little brother, in a pet one night took the scissors and cut a big hole in me.

Then Gladys made me into a dollie's dress for Margaret, her prettiest dollie. After a while, she thought I wasn't good enough for Margaret, so she gave me to Maggie, her rag dollie. After that, Cecll, Gladys' younger sister, tried to cut blocks for her dollie's quilt out of me, but she didn't know how very well, so she wasted me and I fell onto the floor. Mrs. Jones picked me up and put me into the rag bag. An old man came along and bought me and I was taken to a shop and made into smooth, shiny writing paper and sold from the store to a little girl named Hattie.

This little girl's mother was away visiting and so Hattie wrote a kind letter telling her mamma to return as quickly as possible. Her mamma was visiting her little nephew's parents and her little nephew found me on the table and tore me into shreds. The nurse, coming in later, put me into the stove, and the consequence was that I am now ashes. Now you have heard my story. Good-by.

An Evening Amusement.



SHADOWGRAPHS.

England's Great Resources.

An amusing story is going the rounds of some Midland districts with reference to President Kruger.

A grandson of that amiable old gentleman is said to have been in communication with Pretoria, and received a cable, "More ships arriving. Are any men left in Manchester?"

Young Kruger went to Manchester and cabled back: "Regret, Manchester is still full."

A second cable came from Pretoria: "Still more ships arriving. What about Leeds?"

The answer was: "Regret, Leeds also full."

A third cable came: "Try Newcastle."

Young Kruger went to Newcastle and there saw a lift go down the shaft of a mine empty, bringing up eight men to the surface. Rushing up to the telegraph office he cabled: "Stop the war, grandpa. England is bringing up men from h—!"

—London Black and White.

South Africa's Volcanic.

South Africa is of volcanic origin, and the land in the vicinity of Kimberley is so sulphurous that even ants cannot exist upon it.

It is said that Solomon never attempted to answer the questions of a child. This is another proof of the old gentleman's wisdom.

A Book's Request.

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrows me."

—A Book's Request.

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrows me."

Every girl should have a silk petticoat. Its rustle sounds so rich she for-

gets she hasn't a cent in the world.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children."

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks."

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts."

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so."

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back."

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side so that I can have a good, comfortable rest." —Selected.

Big "I" in English Writing.

Did it ever occur to you that it might seem very egotistical for you to write yourself with a capital "I" instead of using the small and less obtrusive one? The English use of the capital "I" is one of the oddest features of the language—to a foreigner. If a Frenchman writes referring to himself he makes "je" (the French equivalent of "I") with a small "j." So with the German, who may use capitals to begin every noun; he always uses the small "I" in writing "ich." The Spaniard avoids, as far as practicable, the use of the personal pronoun when writing in the first person, but he always writes it "yo," taking pains, however, to begin the Spanish equivalent of our "you" with a capital. In English it is surely big "I" and little "you," as the old saying has it.

CLEVER DOGS OF ESKIMOS.

Will Steal Food from Strangers' Tents, but Not from Their Own.

"Talk about dogs," said the old Alaskan miner, at the dog show, "why, these curs of high and low degree are not in it when compared with the Alaska mammoth. 'Musha' him and a broad smile spreads over his face, while his tall curls majestically over his back, and, with head and ears erect, every step he takes is a poem in arctic snows."

"From puppyhood up he takes to hardness like a duck to water. He goes at it with vim and vigor characteristic of his ancestors. Rig the pup in any old harness, and it's amusing to see how good-naturedly he buckles down to business, staying with it like an old stager, never tiring, never feeling discouraged. One becomes very much attached to these exceedingly useful and companionable animals, and they always improve on acquaintance. The longer you know them the better you like them. With white men they are at first disposed to be a little shy, but they gradually make advances, and ultimately take the visitors into full confidence."

"When we pitched our tents on Nome beach last summer we had a little experience with huskies from the Eskimo huts. In our absence from the tents these dogs were inclined to take liberties with our provisions, but they did it in such a scientific manner that we felt more amused than outraged. The dogs would form a skirmish line on the outside, and then send their most skillful thief into the tent to reconnoiter for meat and bread. If this thief failed they would send another, and if he was successful they would divide the plunder in as intelligent and equitable a manner as dog thieves were capable of doing. These dogs were honest Indians at home, but they would pilfer from the stranger. When they became better acquainted with us we could leave the mess chests open and they would never touch anything; they were on their dog honor, and never violated it, only accepting food when it was offered to them.

"I'm led to these remarks," said the old miner, "from seeing men and boys on the streets endeavoring to break all manner of domestic dogs to harness. They can't do it; it's utterly impossible, because the poor brutes were not born that way. The Newfoundlands or St. Bernards don't appear to have any interest in their new calling, and they show it in their downcast tails and dejected countenances. You must remember that dogs have very expressive faces, and show their feelings in a remarkable degree; they are the only animals that laugh and cry. They have shared my joys and sorrows in the bleak arctic, and this is why I have a tender heart for dogs."

"I'm led to these remarks," said the old miner, "from seeing men and boys on the streets endeavoring to break all manner of domestic dogs to harness. They can't do it; it's utterly impossible, because the poor brutes were not born that way. The Newfoundlands or St. Bernards don

The Pinkham Record

is a proud and peerless record. It is a record of cure, of constant conquest over obstinate ills of women; ills that deal out despair; suffering that many women think is woman's natural heritage; disorders and displacements that drive out hope.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cures these troubles of women, and robs men of struction of its terrors.

No woman need be without the safest and surest advice, for Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Can any woman afford to ignore the medicine and the advice that has cured a million women?

Cowboy Blacksmithing. "Up at my camp near the Four Peaks," said Jim Bark, the well known cattleman, "the boys are all handy with a rifle. We've a lot of guns up there. Most of the new guns were bought during the Spanish war, when we would experiment all day with tree trunks and rough trenches, learning the art of war at home. We found that a bullet from one of the new Winchesters, driven by smokeless powder, was good for four feet and more of pine timber and for more than an inch of iron."

I thought the boys had done about everything in the shooting line that could be done long ago, but I was mistaken. I sent them up a wagon. In hauling down some firewood they broke the bolsters all to flinders. The bolsters hold up the wagon bed, you know. Well, the boys figured out all right the rebuilding of the wood parts, but came near being stumped on the iron fixings. They got some old iron wagon tires and cut them in proper lengths, but hadn't a way that they could see to punch the necessary bolt holes. Finally the question was solved. One of the boys carefully marked the places for the bolts, stood the piece of tire against a tree and put a bullet, .30 caliber, through the tire at each place marked. It was a novel sort of blacksmithing, but it worked."—Arizona Grapevine.

Stole Watch to Get Square. "Great Scott, but that's a fine watch!" came from the chorus. "Where'd you ever get it?" "Stole it," answered its possessor calmly. "You don't believe me, do you?" he went on. "Well, I'll tell you how it happened. I was on a western district which enjoyed the reputation of being the toughest one covered by the house. I had some time to kill and so went into one of the gambling joints. It isn't necessary to go into details as to what happened. As luck would have it, there were a half dozen others in the place besides myself who might be considered as possible victims."

When the time came, the lights were put out suddenly, and then we had 'rough house' for about ten minutes. In the middle of it I felt somebody grab my watch and reached after him. I caught some one and felt that he was just putting a watch in his trousers pocket. I gave his wrist a hard wrench and got the timepiece. Then I broke away. When I got to the light, I found the watch was this one. And as I never heard from the owner I have kept it to compensate for the loss of mine."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The bacilli are found in the sputa, and it is settled by repeated researches that tuberculosis is spread nearly exclusively by dried sputum.

HOME CURES

FREE BOOK FOR MEN

Lost Manhood, Private Diseases and Contagious Blood Poison a Specialty.

If you cannot visit San Francisco write for free copy of our "Marriage Guide" advice, question list, etc. Letters confidential. No printing on envelopes or packages to indicate name of sender.



You may deposit the price of a cure in any San Francisco bank, to be paid after you are well, or may pay in monthly installments. Prices reasonable. No journeys made to San Francisco. Medicines and appliances free to patients.

DR. MEYERS & CO.,
731 MARKET ST., S. F.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tonic. Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Cure For Pneumonia.
Take six to ten onions, according to size, and chop fine; put in a large spider over a hot fire, then add about the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar enough to make it a thick paste. In the meanwhile stir it thoroughly, letting it simmer five or ten minutes. Then put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply it to the chest as hot as the patient can bear. When it gets cool, apply another and thus continue by reheating the poultices. In a few hours the patient will be out of danger.

This simple remedy has never failed in this too often fatal malady.

Usually three or four applications will be sufficient, but continue always until perspiration starts freely from the chest.

This simple remedy was formulated many years ago by one of the best physicians New England has ever known, who never lost a patient by this disease and won his renown by saving persons by simple remedies after the best medical talent had pronounced their cases hopeless. Personally we know of three persons who were saved by the remedy last winter in Boston after their physicians had given them up to die, and if a record was made of all similar cases during the last six years it would fill a good sized volume.—"The World's Progress."

Wonders of New Hampshire.

The average reader will be amazed to learn that little New Hampshire, with less than 10,000 square miles, has no less than 406 lakes and ponds, 154 brooks, 58 rivers and 294 mountains. This makes Iowa look small. Colorado, a big state, has 556 creeks. Texas has comparatively few rivers, lakes and creeks. Alabama has 663 creeks and 87 rivers. Iowa cannot approach that record. Minnesota has 222 lakes and 140 rivers.—"New York Press."

Millions for Baseball.

"A million of dollars are spent every year for baseball, but large as this is, it cannot equal the amount spent in search of health. We urge those who have spent much and lost hope to try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It strengthens the stomach, makes digestion easy, and cures dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and weak kidneys."

An Eastern poet has inherited a fortune. He will probably buy some of the magazines to which he has been trying to contribute, and discharge the editors.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight shoes new again. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"Joe, there's a collar and cuff trust started." "Oh, gracious! I've been turning mine upside down, and now I suppose I'll have to turn them inside out."

A HINT FOR SPRING.

When Housekeepers Are Brightening the Interiors of Their Homes.

Now that the backlog of this remarkable winter is broken, housekeepers are re-marking the dingy look of the home interior. The question of new wall coverings is up. Paper is dear and short lived; kalsomines are dirty and scaly; paint is costly. The use of such a cement as Alabastine, for instance, will solve the problem. This admirable wall coating is clean, pure and wholesome. It can be put on with no trouble by anyone; there is choice of many beautiful tints; and it is long lasting.

"How's your new apartment?" "Oh, it's all right; we are just good walking distance from the elevator."

As spring approaches the blood gets sluggish, impure, and breeds disease. A good wholesome tonic to set things right is needed. Try Adam's Sarsaparilla Pills. 10c. 25c. Sold by drug stores.

Jaxon—Every body seems to have the grip these days. Jaxon—(dejectedly)—I seem to have lost mine.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Cataract that cannot be cured by Hall's Cataract Cure.

J. J. GILLEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any West & Traub, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

His Cataract Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Strong—What a chap you are, Bounder! You never agree with anybody. Bounder—Well, what of that? Am I to blame if everybody else is wrong?

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Adam and Sculpture.

President John Quincy Adams once asserted that he would not give 50 cents for all the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, adding, "I hope America will not think of sculpture for two centuries to come."

When some one quoted this to William Morris Hunt, he asked dryly, "Does that sum of money really represent Mr. Adams' estimate of the sculpture of those artists or the value which he places upon 50 cents?"

A Diplomatic Poet.

An eastern poet has penned some rhymes that show he is a born diplomat. Here is a sample verse:

And the goldenrod droops down its head
In silence of despair.
For its splendor that famed is outshone and
shamed.

By the gold of Evangeline's hair!
If that isn't a neat and unobjectionable way of calling a girl redheaded, we don't know what is.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Vitality.

Because one's parents and grandparents lived to be nearly 100 does not make it certain that their descendants will do likewise, for the inheritance of vitality may all be dissipated in 20 years of high living. A small stock of vital force well taken care of may last twice as long.

Not a "Pompous Prelate."
Bishop Gallor, at a banquet at which the bishop of Kentucky was present, told this story on the latter gentleman: "In one of the backwoods towns of Kentucky," said Bishop Gallor, "the pastor of the Baptist church gave out this notice before the sermon one Sunday morning:

"I am told and have been partially convinced," he said, "that it is my Christian duty to give the following notice—
to wit: That a man who styles himself 'bishop of Kentucky' is about to visit this town and will hold forth in the courthouse on Wednesday evening. I desire to add, however, my brethren, that, in the humble opinion of your pastor, the place for members of this congregation on Wednesday night will be in this place listening to your own pastor rather than listening to the words of that pompous prelate at the courthouse."

"On the following Thursday morning the Baptist went out upon the street seeking for some of his congregation who had not been at the Wednesday evening meeting. The first one he found was a deacon.

"Well, deacon," he asked, "were you to the courthouse last night?"

"Yes," said the deacon.

"I trust," said the parson, with some irony in his tone, "you were edified by the words of the pompous prelate."

"Now, looky here, parson," said the deacon, "that man ain't no pompous prelate; no such thing. He's just as common as there is. What do you reckon he did? He preached in his shirt sleeves!"—"Indianapolis Sentinel."

An Irimitable Feat.

The sailors of three men-of-war, American, French and British, while in the same harbor, were competing with each other for the best display of seamanship. A Yankee went to the top of the mainmast and stood there with an arm extended. A Frenchman then went aloft and extended both arms.

An Irishman on board the British ship thought if he could stand there with a leg and an arm extended he would be declared the most daring sailor. Nimly he mounted to the highest point and attempted to do so, but at the last moment lost his balance and fell through the rigging toward the deck.

The various ropes against which he came in contact broke his fall, and when near the deck he succeeded in grasping a rope. To this he hung for a couple of seconds and then dropped lightly on the deck, landing safely on his feet.

Folding his arms triumphantly, as if it were all in the programme, he glanced toward the naval ships and joyously exclaimed:

"There, you frog eating and pig sticking foreigners, beat that if you can!"

Joe, there's a collar and cuff trust started."

"Oh, gracious! I've been turning mine upside down, and now I suppose I'll have to turn them inside out."

Garland and the Virginian.

Cleveland's first attorney general, Garland—a specimen of what Lincoln called the plain people—was born in Arkansas and "raised" in blue jeans. One day, at the department of justice, he received a visit from a Virginia gentleman of aristocratic manner, who bored him horribly with talk about "first families."

"It seems to me, suh," said the visitor at last, "that there are Gyalards in No'th Ca'linia. I once met a gentle named Henry Gyalard, from that state. May I ask, suh, if he was a relative of yours?"

"First cousin," replied Mr. Garland shortly. "He was hanged for horse stealing."

A look of ill conceived horror and disgust came over the visitor's countenance. Then, drawing on his gloves, he rose to his feet, took up his hat, and, waving a hand toward the walls of the room, said: "A fine collection of portraits you have here, Mr. Gyalard. Your predecessors in office, I presume?"

"Yes," grunted Mr. Garland. The Virginian stalked out, evidently glad to make his escape, and the attorney general, turning to his chief clerk, grinned and remarked:

"He'll never bother me any more."

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Her Reason.

"Why did Mrs. Frizzington, the rich widow who furnished all the money for the business she and you have started, want the name of the firm to be 'Rootle & Frizzington' instead of 'Frizzington & Rootle,' as it ought to be, seeing that she is much more heavily interested than you?"

"She didn't want to be referred to as the senior partner."—Chicago Times-Herald.

From Washington

How a Little Boy Was Saved.

Washington, D. C.—"When our boy was about 16 months old he broke out with a rash which was thought to be measles. In a few days he had a swelling on the left side of his neck and it was decided to be mumps. He was given medical attendance for about three weeks when the doctor said it was scrofula and ordered a salve. He wanted to lance the sore, but I would not let him and continued giving him medicine for about four months when the bunch broke in two places and became a running sore. Three doctors said it was scrofula and each ordered a blood medicine. A neighbor told me of a case somewhat like our boy's which was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I decided to give it to my boy and in a short while his health improved and his neck healed so nicely that I stopped giving him the medicine. The sore broke out again, however, whereupon I again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and its persistent use has accomplished a complete cure."

Mrs. NETTIE CHASE, 47 K St., N. E.

A Diplomatic Poet.

An eastern poet has penned some rhymes that show he is a born diplomat. Here is a sample verse:

And the goldenrod droops down its head
In silence of despair.
For its splendor that famed is outshone and
shamed.

By the gold of Evangeline's hair!

If that isn't a neat and unobjectionable way of calling a girl redheaded, we don't know what is.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Vitality.

Because one's parents and grandparents lived to be nearly 100 does not make it certain that their descendants will do likewise, for the inheritance of vitality may all be dissipated in 20 years of high living. A small stock of vital force well taken care of may last twice as long.

FAIR WOMEN SPEAK.

Pe-ru-na Works Wonders for the Gentler Sex in Catarrhal Ailments.



MRS. COLONEL HAMILTON.

That Pe-ru-na has become a household remedy in the home of Mrs. Colonel Hamilton is well attested by a letter from her, which says: "I can give my testimony as to the merits of your remedy, Pe-ru-na. I have been taking the same for some time, and am enjoying better health now than I have for some years. I attribute the change to Pe-ru-na, and recommend Pe-ru-na to every woman, believing it to be especially beneficial to them." Mrs. Hamilton's residence is 259 Goodale street, Columbus, Ohio.

MISS ANNIE WYANDOTTE.

Miss Annie Wyandotte, queen of the operatic stage and dramatic soprano, says:

"Fifteenth St. and Jackson Ave.

Kansas City, Mo.

"Dr. Hartman: Dear Sir—Pe-ru-na has been my salvation. It has given me back a beautiful voice, gift of God; it has brought me once more to my old profession. I can talk now, and sing, where before, I could scarcely whisper. Can you wonder at my delight? I wish every person who is suffering as I suffered might know Pe-ru-na. Only those who have been afflicted can ever know the intense satisfaction and gratitude that comes with a complete cure. My voice was completely gone. April 15 I felt so elated over the restoration of my voice that I inserted an advertisement in The Star for vocal pupils. The advertisement, which cost me 65 cents, brought me five pupils, and that was the beginning of my present large class.

Yours gratefully,

Annie Wyandotte."

A congestion, inflammation or ulceration of the mucous membrane, whether of the head, stomach, kidneys, or other organ, is known to the medical profession as catarrh. It is known by different names, such as dyspepsia, Bright's disease, female complaint, diarrhea, bronchitis, consumption and a host of other names. Wherever there is a congested mucous membrane there is catarrh, acute or chronic.

MISS CLARA STOECKER.

Miss Clara Stoecker says: "I had chronic catarrh for over a year. I tried many remedies

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and Seven Miles of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries and giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

202 SANSOME STREET.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY . . .

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

— AND SLAUGHTERERS OF —

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

• • •

— PACKERS OF THE —

GOLDEN GATE — AND — MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

• • •

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.